

Can P.
Case no 790. A.

CANADA FOR CANADIANS.

A ROYALIST "ROLAND,"

FOR THE

ANNEXATIONIST "OLIVER,"

BY

JOHN HAGUE, F.R.S.S.,

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE TORONTO BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL FEDERATION
LEAGUE, IN ASSOCIATION HALL, TORONTO,
THE 23RD JANUARY, 1889.

With a Map issued by the New York World showing what the United States may
look like after the Annexation of Canada.

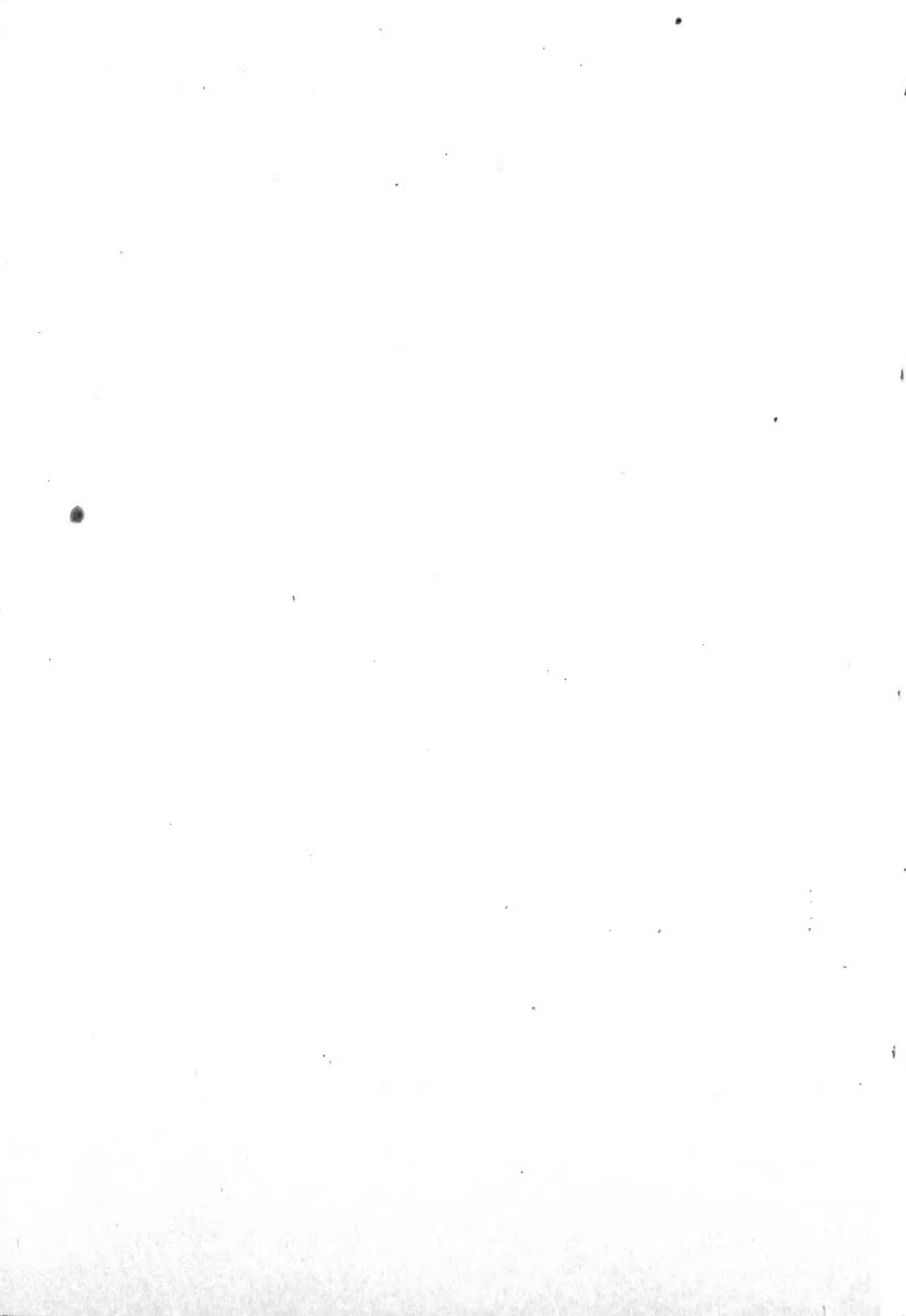
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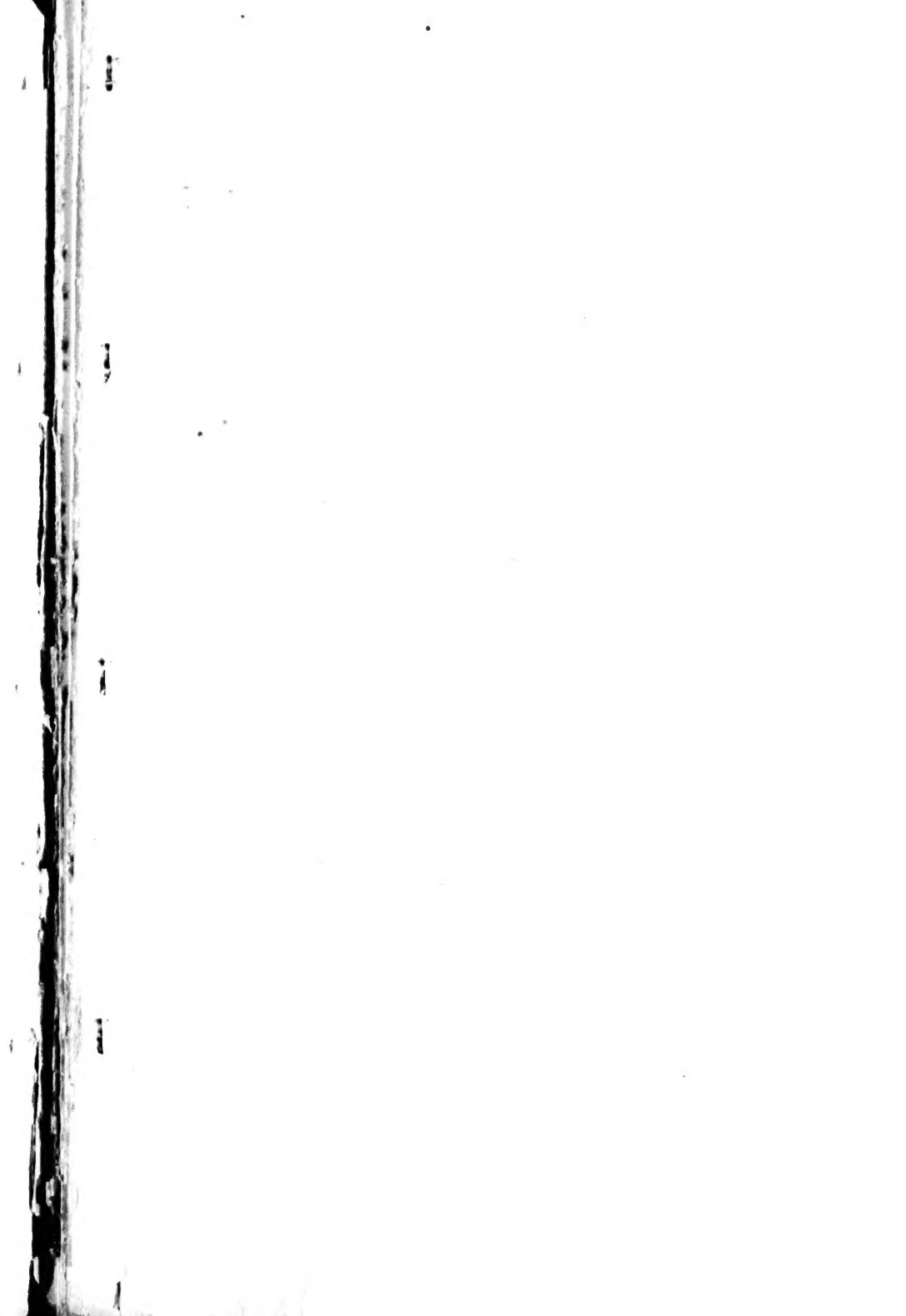
"Such staunchless avarice
That my more-having would be as sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth."—*Macbeth, Act IV, Scene 3.*

"Il n'est pas d'état plus affreux que celui
d'un peuple qui devient le sujet d'un autre peuple."
—*Napoléon.*

PUBLISHED BY
HART & COMPANY,
31 & 33 KING ST. WEST,
TORONTO.







MAP ISSUED BY THE NEW YORK WORLD.



“Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour’s landmark.”—Deut. xxvii. 17.

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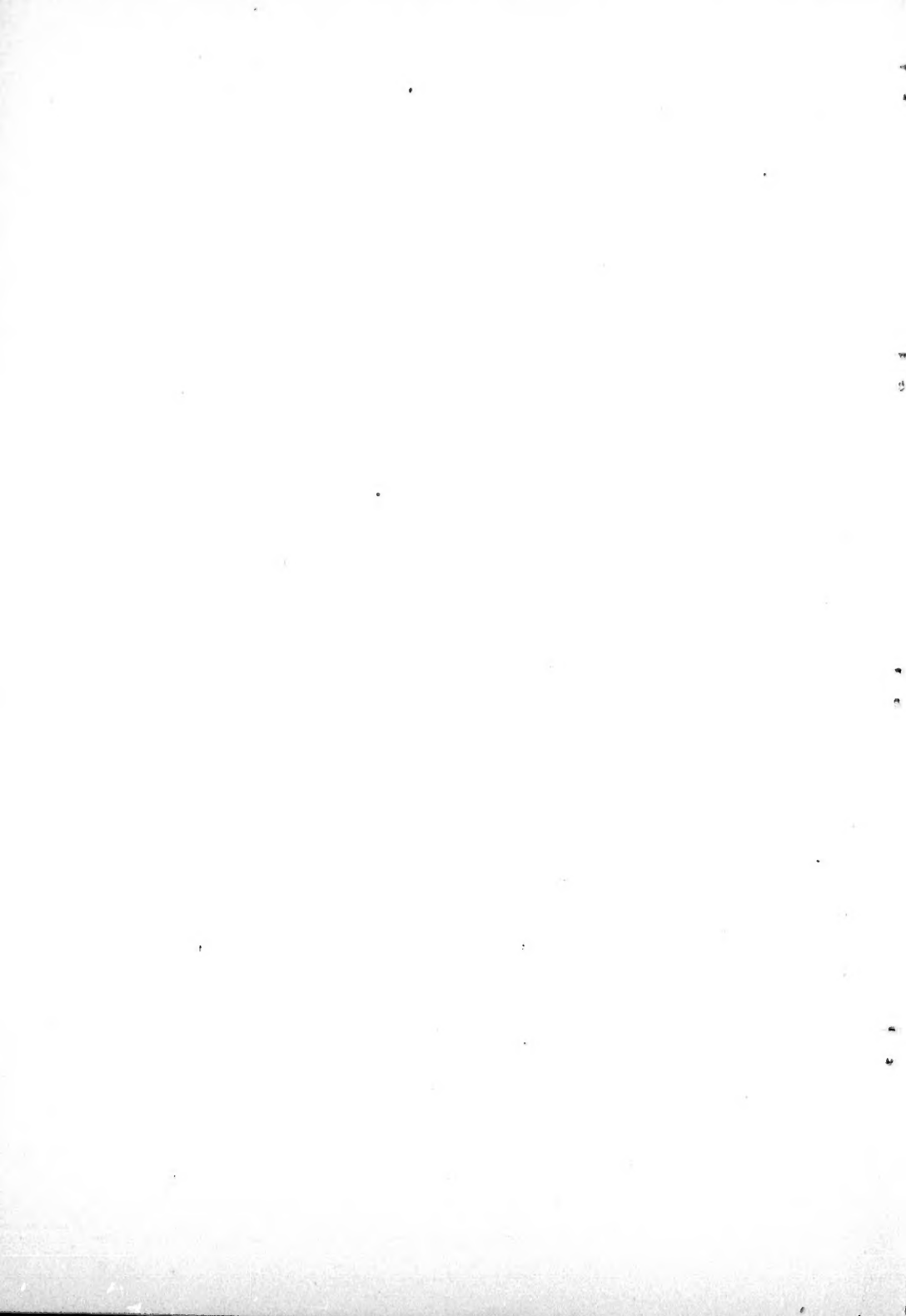
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I inscribe this,

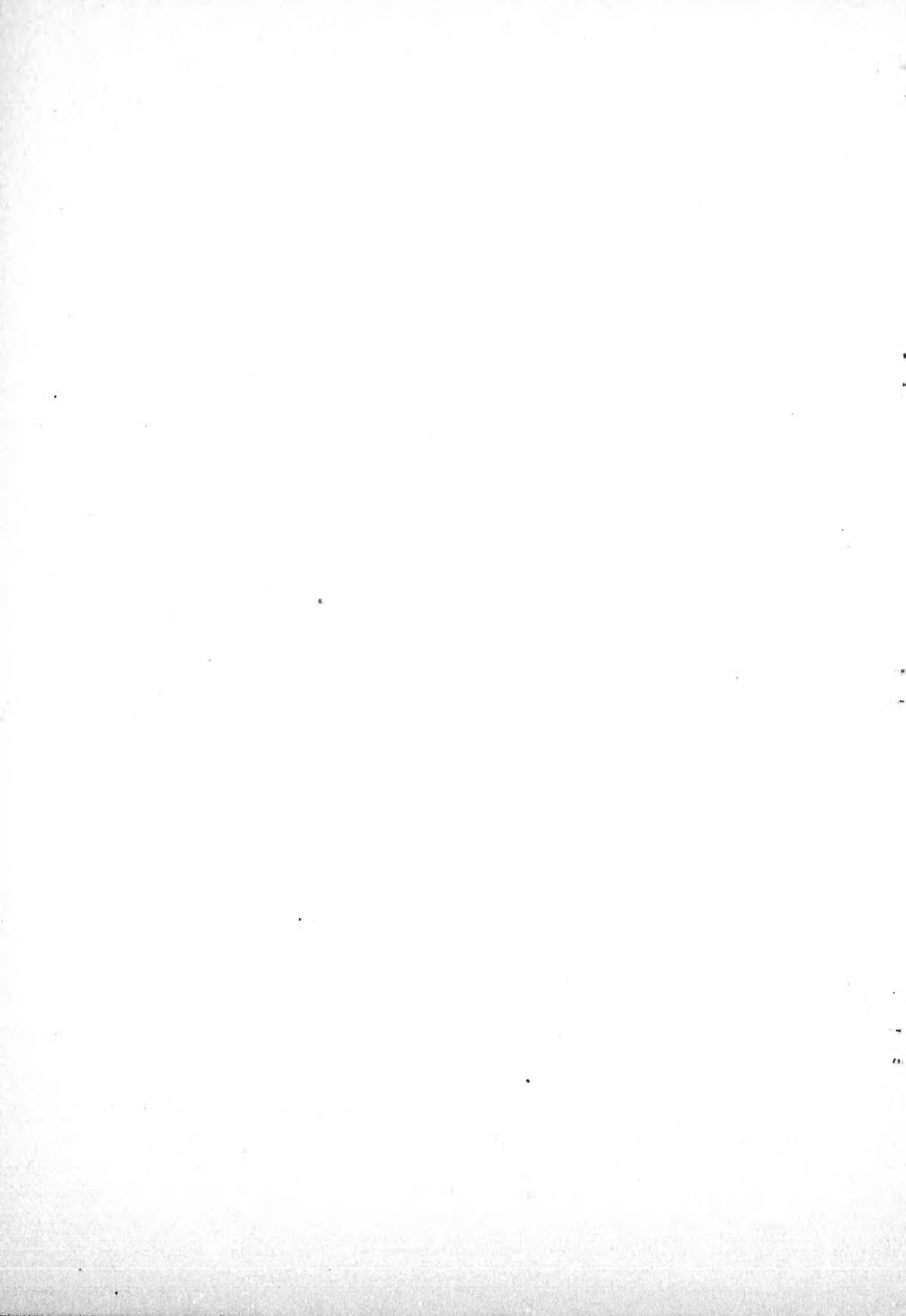
WITH ALL THE GRATITUDE DUE FROM ONE WHO ENJOYS THEIR
PROTECTION, WITHOUT SHARING THEIR
SACRIFICES,

TO

The Dominion Volunteers,

WHO, IN THE SPIRIT OF THOSE HISTORIC RACES FROM WHOM THEY
HAVE SPRUNG, WHILE WORKING WITH THE TROWELS OF IN-
DUSTRY, OF ENTERPRISE, OF CULTURE, BUILDING UP OUR
COUNTRY, ARE STANDING "READY, AYE READY," TO
DEFEND WITH THE SWORD OF PATRIOTISM THIS
LAND OF THEIR NATIVITY AND LOYALTY, SO
AS TO BEAR ITS WALLS AND FOR EVER
TO KEEP IT,

CANADA FOR CANADIANS.



Canada for Canadians.



BEFORE touching the topic of this address, which is a criticism of and reply to certain recent speeches and articles by promoters of the Annexation of Canada to the States, it seems fitting, and it may be useful, for me to offer

A FEW PERSONAL WORDS.

I would not have obtruded my views, convictions, and feelings, on this grave question had it not been that so audacious an effort is being made to scare loyalists into silence by ridicule and contumely. In the language of that profession of which our gifted President is so distinguished an ornament, our opponents are trying to compel us into letting judgment go by default, as, according to the old legal maxim, "Silence gives consent." In such a crisis the humblest voice is a factor worth counting, hence out of the fullness of my heart, and the intensity of my convictions, I lift up a protest against the sacrifice of Canada on the altar of American ambition. I cannot claim the honor given to the illustrious hero, who, "in spite of all temptations remained an Englishman," for though a full blooded Englishman, I am a full hearted Canadian. To Canada I owe my life, and my bread,—no native Canadian owes more to his native land; not one is readier to admit nor more willing to repay the debt by service.

But in this conjunction of Englishman and Canadian I see no divided duty, as

CANADA IS PART OF THE EMPIRE,
equally with England.

Burke pictures "the Parliament of Great Britain in her nobler capacity, her Imperial character, in which as from the throne of

Heaven she superintends inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them without annihilating any." Imperial Federation is no very modern idea, and in giving my allegiance to this movement I do so in perfect confidence that there will no restriction ever arise from it to stay, cramp, or narrow that full expansion of the political freedom of this Dominion which, in my humble judgment is in time certain to lift Canada up to a higher plane of national existence. It is this great future before us that is threatened. The magnificent destiny to which Providence is directing our steps, has excited the envy of the States, an envy born of hell, an envy which is inspiring those barbarous utterances, and that barbarous policy which I am about to criticise.

While entertaining the intensest antipathy to annexation to the States, I with my whole heart admit that there are in that land many

AMERICAN CITIZENS

who would honor any land under Heaven. We in Canada might, indeed, profitably learn some social lessons from those of our neighbors who are the saving salt of their country. I have found amongst them a free hearted hospitality, a readiness to help by friendly counsel, and encourage by generous words, most delightful to enjoy, and most inspiring for a stranger to hear, a quickness to appreciate artistic or literary gifts, most honorable to a nation of traders, a freedom from jealousy, and a richness and depth of sympathy in time of trial, sweet and consoling as a divine benediction. With all their faults the American people, as a whole, may not with justice be placed in a lowly rank in those great qualities that give dignity and power to a nation. But their

POLITICAL SYSTEM

is vicious, it puts the control of political life into the hands of those least worthy to wield and least able to use their power with wisdom. It enables a felon in the dock to tell the Judge, "By my vote and influence you owe your elevation to the Bench." It has given a mean scoundrel the power to justly claim that by a contemptible trick he won victory for the President-elect, who,

however honorable himself, knows that he owes his elevation to a deed at which many a pickpocket would blush. Every four years the future of the Republic is committed into the hands of a mob, who decide national questions, not for love of the nation they rule, but for malice towards England they hate. This casting their political life into a crucible each fourth year, to be melted up by party fires and run out again into some chance mould, may some day bring about a revolution which will prepare the way for a far more beneficent system than having the whole continent under one government.

Canada being lectured so freely may be pardoned retaliating with

GOOD ADVICE.

The States would do better were they to consolidate their own political position. They have all the elements at work for a civil strife in over 7,000,000 of negroes, whose cruel treatment at this hour in Southern cities may any day lead to a social convulsion. The future of the Republic is darkened also by elements that threaten the very fabric of civilised society in their vast socialistic organisations, and by the growing contempt for the sacred ties of domestic life. I heard a lady, wife of a distinguished citizen of New Orleans, say she would give a dinner to celebrate the event if Boston were destroyed by fire like Chicago. Look at home, Americans, put your own house in order, govern better the land you now possess, clean out that Augean stable, your political system, the most corrupt ever known to man, before you seek to control the destiny of a friendly neighbor.

I exclaim with Walt Whitman, as I hear the mouthing of Annexationist demagogues, "Still flooding the States with hundreds and thousands of mouth-songs fit for the States only."

Humanity has nothing to gain, but much to risk by huge nations. Those who seem fascinated by the vastness of the States might do well to reflect that mankind owes all in which its glory consists to small communities. Judea gave us religion, Greece literature and philosophy, the tiny Italian Republics art, England freedom and parliaments, Switzerland the inspiration of

patriotism, and Holland a brilliant example of commercial, naval, and colonial enterprise.

I hold with Isaac Disraeli that it would have been an infinite blessing to Europe, had Cromwell "adopted the Spanish interests and assisted the French Huguenots in becoming an independent State." Such a division would have saved millions of lives, treasures untold, hastened the redemption of France from those evils that bred the horrors of the French Revolution, and lifted all Europe earlier by generations to her present plane of culture and freedom. I dread, then, a Republic embracing all one continent,—it is a prospect full of direst portents of future civil wars, domestic tyranny, and wide spread deadness in the body politic.

The vastness of the Republic now necessitates tremendous machinery for working its governmental and electoral routine. This complicated engine grinds on unceasingly, crushing out the higher, freer life of the people, like a

JUGGERNAUT CAR

pulverising every citizen's judgment and liberty into party dust so that there is no distinguishment possible, no differentiation between the influence of culture and virtue, and the power of ignorance, corruption, and fraud. The Republic is supposed to be democratic, that is, that the government rests equally upon the shoulders of every citizen. But how can that be a true Republic when they who represent the higher culture and intelligence and honor of the country, are practically disfranchised—as in the States? This has created a class in the States which in numbers proportioned to population is peculiar to America. The men are legion who are everlastingly plotting to keep, or to acquire some office in the gift of the party-chief in power, and every office holder knowing his term is short seeks to provide for the winter of private life by laying up a store from the summer chances of present opportunity.

A VAST CONGERIES OF NATIONS

bound by ties of Empire, wielding large powers of sovereignty in the home sphere, such as we of this League seek for, is an incomparably higher conception of Government than a vast octopus-like

Republic laying prone over a continent crushing out with its centralising forces all local ambitions, interests, sentiments and organizing resources. Apart wholly from patriotism I regard the idea of "Continental Unity" as a barbarous conception, it is a phase of the modern craze for monopolies, "combines," "trusts," "corners," or anything big, however base. Grossness, the idolatry of mere size, is the spirit that inspires the movement in favor of Continental Unity. It rests on "a sophism as detestable as it is false, as delusive as it is dangerous."

There comes to nations, formed or moulding, as to persons, a

DAY OF FATE

when they stand before the fork of two roads, one leading up to the mount of victorious achievement, the other sloping to the valley of humiliation. The same tide which in the affairs of men leads on to fortune, or to ruin, as it is taken at the flood, or suffered to ebb unused, lifts and launches the bark of a nation's life so that it may sail the seas in pride, or neglected, leave it a stranded wreck on the sands of Time, recalling Shelley's picturesque lines,

"The heavy dead hulk,
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold
Its corruption around it."

The Polish poet Gaszynski has a similar image. In the bitterness of exile he sang;

"When by the shores of your beloved land,
You chance to see a shattered vessel fill,
Wrecked by a pilot's lack of judging skill,
Through shallow waters driven at his command,
Give it, O! give it at least a tear,
For thus is hapless Poland imaged here."

From the necessity of shedding a tear over our beloved Canada, wrecked by some traitor pilot I say with reverence, "Good Lord, deliver us."

The hour when such happy or fatal decision is made as decides a life's fate is often unknown to be a crisis so momentous. There

stands no friendly monitor to challenge the steps of the wayfarer who unconsciously is turning to a fatal destiny, by, as Moore sings,

“Neglecting his task for the flowers on the way.”

The mind at that period of life, both in persons and in peoples, when a choice is made, is apt to be so eagerly fixed upon the incidents of every step as to be unconscious of the trend of the path. So Canada stands to-day. The road before her forks to a future of shame, or a career of glorious achievement, of extinction or of development, the waters of her life will turn to enrich her own soil, or be scattered to fructify fields whose harvests she will not gather. Immersed in the toilsome cares of to-day's duties, we, as a people, are like one commanding a fishing fleet who is so engrossed by his nets, or his tackle, or his cargo, by the needs of the immediate present, that he is in danger of forgetting that by drifting at ease, to-morrow may find him, not in the haven where he would be, but in a position, where, like Macbeth, retreat from peril will be so much the more difficult course that he may be driven into lowering his flag, and handing over his men, his boats, his cargoes, and his life to a pirate crew.

By the failure of this generation to grasp the true meaning of movements affecting the future of this Dominion,

THE VERY NAME OF CANADIAN,

may become not that of a people made up of strong, self-reliant races, full of proud hopes, sprung from and sustained by inspiring memories of those great mother nations from whom we have severally come, but a synonym for poltroons too cowardly to fight for independence, national dignity, and liberty. Lost in the business of to-day we may drift where nothing remains but to drop our flag in base surrender to the people of a “foreign nation,” some of whose citizens are now hoping for, and watching for, and plotting to bring to pass, the catastrophe by which they will be enriched. From their shores, false

WRECKER'S LIGHTS

are now burning, luring us on to destruction, and, alas! amongst ourselves we have a few who give aid and impulse to the conspir-

ators against our country by declaring the light of the wrecker to be the beam of hope.

The signs of the times are oft despised because of their apparent smallness, in forgetfulness that a chip on a stream shows the set of the current as well as does the largest log. It is, I take it, one of the offices of this League to awaken interest in the question of our future, to so rouse public attention that at the time of our visitation we may be found ready for any call of patriotism. I hold in my hands a pamphlet which like a chip reveals the current; it is a little chink through which passes much light. It contains an address that in my judgment is such

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

as we may profitably study. The speech was delivered by a well known American author, Mr. W. H. H. Murray, who is not a politician, but rather a literary sportsman. Although such utterances by a prominent writer are significant enough to demand attention, the

GRAVITY OF THE ADDRESS

arises from the circumstance of its being delivered at the request of the leading citizens of Boston, by whom it is being widely circulated. My copy bears the words "With the compliments of the Committee." Mr Murray, being out of politics, is all the more to be relied upon as an index of public sentiment. Literary men are like milk in a dairy, they catch the flavor of every odor around them, or bees whose honey tells of the flowers they have sipped. Mr. Murray, individually, even as a voice in the desert, would be noticeable because of this reflective capacity and usage of literary men, whose work, often all unconsciously, manifests the form and features of current thought. But as the mouth piece of prominent citizens in the most intellectual city of the States, the city least likely to be swayed by the mere passions of a vulgar mob, the city whose pride is its culture, whose merchants are princes, it is

MATTER OF PROFOUND SIGNIFICANCE

that from such a city should issue such utterances as those found in Mr. Murray's address on "Continental Unity."

Mr. Murray opens his address by a declaration that he is going "to voice the prophecy of Geography, of common blood and language, kindred institutions, like laws, commercial necessities and political institutions that are identical."

He affirms that his sole wish is to help "the great cause" on, which cause is "Continental Unity," or as we say "Annexation." Manifestly, then, there is on foot a "great cause," which threatens to extinguish Canada whatever men may say who ostrich-like put their heads in the sand, or like Lord Nelson put their telescope to a blind eye, and therefore don't see this "great cause." He proceeds to say that

EUROPE IS FULL

to overflowing, and that "this continent is a reservoir" toward which the streams of immigration flow. He predicts that in 1950 there will be a population of 140,000,000 in the States, on which we make no comment, prophecy not being our gift. He tells us us that Illinois will hold 26,000,000 and that we have a section in our N.W., "out of which ten States as large as Illinois can be carved." He says that in the

NORTH-WEST OF CANADA

the soil is of the richest, fuel abundant, climate as healthy as ever children were born in. To all of which our people say, "Amen," or "So mote it be." He then asks us to look at the map and note what he terms "the fool's line" drawn between us and the States, when on those who drew it and on us "had not dawned the vision of an Empire," mightier than history tells of. He asks us to note how the rivers "tie North and South, that is, Canada and the States together, like threads into whose golden strands new strength is spun continually." This is poetry but not fact, for a river is a factor of division, not of union, according to nature and geography, as without bridges and boats which are the works of art, rivers are impassible. He then says, "You might as well tie knots in the red arteries midway between heart and hands, as draw a line of stoppage across these natural channels of popular communication and commercial exchanges." Oddly enough, in talking geography he forgets to mention oceans and seas. Are

they not also bonds tying in a golden strand the nations on their several shores, like rivers and lakes? The omission is a significant one. Mr. Murray and his school wish to tie the red arteries between the heart of England and the hands of Canada, so as to stop the circulation of trade life flowing freely across the deep which Britannia rules, *and forcing by this ligature that trade life to flow into and through the body of the States.* This figure is one used in a similar connection by

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH,

in 1874, suggesting the probability that Mr. Murray is one of the Professor's political pupils. From the rivers and lakes he turns to "the testimony of the plains," which Mr. Murray calls "that seamless robe of unity which some politicians would scissor through, and of a lovely whole woven of God make two ravelled edges." He then asks "what sound reason is there for such dismemberment, such dislocation of natural members, such absurd partition of a noble whole." In all this Mr. Murray is simply stealing the thunder of Professor Goldwin Smith, the great seer who claims to "voice the prophecy of Geography." Let us look at this theory that Geography must determine the divisions of nations. To my mind it is arrant nonsense, in spite of Mr. Murray, and the Professor of the rueful countenance. There is hardly a nation under the sun that is divided off from its neighbors by strictly geographical features, save it happens to be an island. Pray what are the

GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES

what lakes, rivers, or mountains gird about France, Germany, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Greece, or Turkey in such wise as to proclaim that Nature has compassed them about with boundaries? Have not these great nations water courses, lakes, plains, and hills in common? If the line between Canada and the States is only "a fool's line," or an "absurd partition," as Mr. Murray and Professor Smith regard it, so with rare exceptions, is every national boundary in the world! In one sense I admit that it is a fool's line,—for, but for folly it would have run much further to the South!

Besides, if we are to be slaves of Geography, what were the States doing to ignore that natural boundary the Rocky Mountains? Surely they are no "fool's line." Even admitting the plea of Nature, what could be more divisive as a geographical fact than that unparalleled water course from Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence which is the great line between us and the States? Is that a "fool's line?" If nations that share common geographical features must necessarily be one in destiny, as our Annexation prophets proclaim, the question arises which nation is to be the supreme "boss" when destiny calls them to obey her dictates? Before such a settlement of Europe could be made as is voiced by geography there would be battles so tremendous that Armageddon would be a street row compared to these wars.

There was once a distribution of land as is related in the Book of Joshua,—an incident in which old story is germane to our subject. One tribe felt, what Mr. Wiman says is troubling the States, "a sense of limitation," and what he and Mr. Murray tell us must end in Canada being robbed of her inheritance to feed that land glutton. Of these people who were land greedy, Dr. Parker says; "They were the most arrogant and cowardly of all the tribes. Arrogance and cowardice have been bed-fellows all through time and all the world over." Do not mistake me, the Americans are not cowards, they come of the wrong stock for that, but arrogance is a mild word to describe their demand for the cession of Canadian territory! And the statement of Mr. Wiman that in their effort to get our land they have

ONLY THE NAVY OF ENGLAND TO FEAR,

is as cowardly a taunt as ever fell from lip of man. This spirit of arrogance comes to our American friends naturally enough. A great constitutional authority, Sir H. Nicolas, says, "it is scarcely possible for a successful rebel not to become a tyrant," and About, the brilliant French author says, "When the weak become strong, their first impulse is not to use but to abuse their opportunities," in the spirit of the proverb "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." The sight of ill deeds done in-

spires them, says a great poet. We all know, too, how the sight of a savoury dish whets the appetite. Col. Synge, in his "Defence of England," says, "The topographical study of the land of France by Germany preceded her spoliation." The arrogance shown in the present demand that a foreign power shall control our destinies is one result of the subjugation of the South by the North in the late war, and the revelation made of late years of the vast powers of wealth in political, or trade conspiracies against individual freedom, and personal enterprise. "The appetite grows with what it feeds upon," so those who in the States are without conscience, who are familiar with criminal combinations, whose avarice is unappeasable, have set their felonious eyes upon Canada as a prey, seeing, as Mr. Wiman their mouth-piece tells us, that we "don't count," as capable of national defence. A negro, known as a chicken thief, was looking at a poultry-yard, a stranger taking him for a mere tramp, asked if the farmer had given him anything. "Yes," said Sambo, "he gave me the debble." I would warn trespassers from *our* poultry-yard lest they get Sambo's fate!

When I hear men say "Nature destines" this, and "Nature declares" that, I recall a passage written by the distinguished French Economist already quoted, who says, "for man the state of Nature is a state of filth, privation, disease, and early death." Modern ideas as to the omnipotence of Nature seem to me a recession to savagery: they are an insult to the dignity of our race. Goethe says, "To Nature I owe my birth, but Art made me a man." Man, we are told on higher authority than that of Mr. Murray or Mr. Goldwin Smith, was given dominion over all the earth and all its products by the Creator. It is not man's place to obey "the voice of Geography," *but to make that voice speak whatever he dictates.* It is not for man to be the servant of nature, but for nature to be the bond slave of man. Nature is a poor mistress, she gives us all infinite trouble to live, and kills us off as soon as she gets a chance. The battle of life is a contest against Nature, when the war drum of that fight beats no longer it is the signal for digging a soldier's grave. In those days,

"When wild in the woods the noble savage ran," Continental Unity was the rule, but the first savage who crossed a river on a log, put the first nail in the coffin of Nature, as a ruler of mankind. Nature indeed! Geography indeed! Pray what are our ships, steamers, wharves, elevators, railways, bridges, viaducts, tunnels, canals, and all the multifarious appliances of commerce, and multitudinous utensils of domestic life, but each one a protest against and a triumph over Geography and Nature? A few nights ago the "voice of Geography" was heard roaring down the Niagara gorge, and its breath blew into ruins a splendid work of engineering science. It seems to me the voice of Common Sense is a better one to follow than the voice of Geography.

When Mr. Murray and Mr. Goldwin Smith and all the tribe who ask us to sacrifice Canada on the altar dedicated to their

DOUBLE-HEADED DEITY,

"Nature, and Geography," they must excuse me, for I believe that the God of all nations and all peoples has given this glorious land of Canada for our heritage, and by His help we will defend it as a sacred trust, even if needs be at the point of the sword! In popular phrase, "it makes me tired" to hear eloquent rubbish about the designs of Nature, in regard to natural destinies being controlled by, or bound up in geographical boundaries. Let us cultivate the spirit of a great hero's sublime utterance and say, "Here stand we, we can do no other than remain steadfast where Providence has placed us to do the will of God." I ask you, then, to laugh the talk of Nature and Geography out of Court. The plea is absurd, irrelevant to the issue, based on a baseless theory. In the present controversy it is an attempt to cover up and urge on the commission of a projected crime by placing the responsibility of guilt upon a phantom.

Mr. Murray follows up his geographical theorizing by telling us that Canadians being Americans "by right of birth" will share the Empire they mean to make by annexation. This is kind. It is like the owner of one vast estate saying to another

large land owner, "Give me all your land and I will allow you to occupy one of the numerous cottages on the amalgamated property." Thanks, Mr. Murray. This Canada of ours we intend to cultivate and keep. But, Mr. Murray deserves our gratitude for one statement. He declares that "the geographical

EXTENT OF THE REPUBLIC

is a century ahead of its population—probably two centuries." "We thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word," said Gratiano. Mr. Wiman declares in his article in the North American Review for Jan. 1889, that the American people are feeling "a sense of limitation." He declares that they must have more territory to enable them to expand, yet Mr. Murray, one of his own school, declares that it will take two centuries more to fill up the present extent of the Republic! The necessity, he declares, "brooks no refusal," will justify enormous expenditures,—will, he implies, justify the seizure of Canada. We leave these gentry to their fate, for they have cut each other's throats.

Mr. Murray next tackles

THE DEBT OF CANADA,

—he is sorry for us. Well, well, when Canada asks the States to help in paying her debt, then will be the time for sympathy—at present it is an impertinence—that's all. But, for Mr. Murray's information we can tell him, and we tell all America, that for every dollar Canada owes, Canada has a handful of dollars of property. This question is somewhat obscured by party controversy. But let us look at it in the cold light of business. We hear not a little about the "oppression" of our debt, our people are said to be "groaning under its load." Weigh, then, these two facts. In Ontario, the rate of interest on farm lands is from 6 to 7 per cent. In the Western States it is from 8 to 9 per cent. What puzzles me is this, that a people said to be crushed by debt can borrow money for $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. while those who are said to be in so much better fiscal position, have to pay $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. That is a phenomenon akin to seeing a river running up-hill! Money

is like water, it runs by force of natural laws, and one monetary law is this, that the pressure of a man's financial necessities is in proportionate ratio to the price he has to pay for money. Monetary pressure is indeed often an illustration of the hydrostatic paradox. An impecunious wretch so oppressed with debt as to groan under its load, is "*shaved*" by money lenders at double the rate *he* has to pay who is reputed to possess a surplus capital. Judged, then, by this severe law of finance, inasmuch as Canada secures loans at a very low rate indeed in the world's money market, and her people can get money on Mortgage at a less rate than what is paid in the States, we shall, I submit, show regard for the fitness of things by ceasing to groan about our debt, and stop befouling our own nest by telling foreigners that we are oppressed by its load. Our debt is large doubtless. But it is impossible to conceive our credit being kept so high in England as it stands, in a money market most sensitive, perfectly well informed on all that affects the nature of the debt, and our economical condition as a people, unless the financiers of England were fully satisfied that the debt was legitimately incurred, and protected by the security of national material resources or properties. But, even if this debt were so heavy as to oppress us, surely it might soon be paid off by raising chickens and selling them in the States at Mr. Wiman's figure of \$2.50 per pair! I commend this, without charge, as a scheme for easing our national burdens!

We now come to a highly important section of Mr. Murray's address. I will quote his exact words and beg your serious attention to their

THREATENING IMPORT.

He says,

"But one thing Canadians must understand, and it would be unwise and unfair for us to conceal it from them, and that one thing is this: that this Republic will never see a great power built up on this continent either to the North or to the South of us, under French or English flags, and take no action to prevent it."

He proceeds,

"I cannot see how we can, in justice to the future do ought to help Canada, or receive help from her, until she becomes politically united with us."

To show how the infamous language used by Mr. Murray, language which met with the applause of the prominent citizens of Boston, is in strict harmony with other words, and with other deeds like in nature, but of even deeper significance, let me try your tempers by detailing several of these insufferably provoking incidents and facts. A year or two year ago, before

MR. WIMAN'S AGITATION

burst upon us like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, in full panoply and with a shout of war, an American friend of his told us that something was on hand that would revolutionize Canada and bring it into the Union. He said, "You cannot prevent this." My reply was, "Before that comes to pass there will be a British Man of War asking questions at New York,—and *you cannot prevent that.*" He went off in a temper. I believe it was this reply which moved Mr. Wiman to allude to the British Navy as their only fear. Mark, also, that for some three years past, I have been constantly told by a prominent American, one who is in touch with large interests and classes, that Canada little knew the peril she stood in, as he everywhere heard annexation by *force* spoken of as certain to happen—if not by *peace*. Last summer I conversed with a number of Americans from different cities who all expressed amazement at my denying that Canada was ripe for entering the Union. The public mind of the States has been saturated with such notions by the speeches, articles, and telegrams of these annexation agitators.*

*At the close of this address, Mr. Wickham, Barrister, said that recently he had been on a tour through the Southern States. When in New Orleans he was much surprised to find the general impression was that Canada was very desirous to become annexed to the States. On looking for the reason, he found it in the newspapers, and picking up the *Times-Democrat*, if he remembered rightly, one of the first paragraphs he saw was one that read like this: "Our latest despatches from Ottawa show that a large number of the members of Parliament there are waiting the earliest opportunity of moving for annexation." (Laughter.) There were similar despatches appearing in the other papers from day to day. When down South four years ago he found the state of matters very different. He met with very few who knew where Canada was. (Laughter.) He could only account for the change by coming to the conclusion that much hard cash had been spent in disseminating these ideas in the Southern States.

It is high time Canada controlled her telegraph system, which is used by conspirators against her life, for, "Stuffing the ears of men with false reports," that are manufactured, and spread by means of the wires over the whole continent, with the intention to create public opinion adverse to Canadian interests. It is high time that Canada gave the lie direct to her slanderers, who, with brutal frankness are telling us that they intend to "*shape our destiny.*"

Some twenty years ago I was shown

AN OFFICIAL MAP,

issued for use by Emigration agents in Germany. On this map the existence of Canada was ignored as a political entity apart from the Republic. The words, "United States of America," like a huge Boa-Constrictor, lay stretched across the Dominion in this official map, as one of the shadows that are thrown by coming events—so some Americans imagine. Then, if you possess or can refer to that magnificent atlas issued by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, in 1883, you will find that each map in it of any nation or country shows that nation or country in clear contour, distinct from all its neighbors, by being the only part which is colored, all the parts surrounding its borders are left white. But in the large map of the United States the rule is not observed, for Canada, with its Provinces, is treated precisely as though the Dominion formed part of the United States, each Province being colored as though it were one of the States. British Columbia is tinted like Oregon, Ontario like Dakota, New Brunswick like New York, Nova Scotia like Vermont. Entirely apart from the main portion of Canada, north of Ontario, north of Manitoba, the territory is inscribed, "British Possessions," giving the impression to all who are not acquainted with our geographical and political position, that the only portion of the Northern hemisphere owned by Great Britain lays entirely apart from Canada, which is treated in this map as though it were owned by the Republic!

Now, the insolent map recently issued in New York, in which Canada is shown cut up into joints for the local butcher's stall, to please the tastes of Messrs. Wiman, Sherman, Butterworth, and

the filibusters they are seeking to excite, is a speculative enterprise, not to be ignored certainly, for it is a piece of chaff that tells the set of the wind. But the maps I have named are not speculative, they are drawn and engraved with the highest skill. One is an official document which declares to the people of Germany that this land of ours is owned by "THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA." The other, issued by the leading publishers of such works in Chicago, also depicts Canada as a section of the United States.

After weighing over the meaning of these two insulting pictured lies as to the ownership of Canada, let me ask you to notice a few of Mr. Wiman's innocent phrases in his article on our resources, in the North American Review for January.

Here suffer an interjection. In Mr. Wiman's article, as in other of his speeches, this arch plotter with diabolical cunning seeks to feed the vanity of Canadians by fulsome laudations of our country's resources. When I read these elaborate,

AUCTIONEER-LIKE SCHEDULES

of our property by Mr. Wiman, I feel as I should were a foot-pad to approach me with praises of the beauty of my watch-chain, knowing his intention to rob me of it to enrich himself and his pals. Mr. Wiman's reiteration of his estimate of our wealth recalls an incident I well remember. In the year 1855, on a dark night, a house next to my own was left unguarded. At the garden gate two men were seen crouched, their talk was overheard, one was telling the other of the weak spots in that menaced home, and of the certain booty to be secured if they could get in and ransack its rooms before being surprised. That is an exact counterpart of the present situation. Canada is the threatened home, Mr. Wiman is the informant who is telling how weak are the bolts, and easily picked the locks in that home, and how rich is the booty to be secured by burglarizing our domicile. On one side he is praising Canada, trumpeting her resourcee in order to excite the covetous passion of the American people. On the other hand his relation to Canada is simply this, and nothing more—he is trying to mesmerize the rabbit into the frigidity of indifference.

while he slavers it over with the slime of his puffs in order to prepare the victim for an easy passage down the Boa-constrictor's throat! Tell me not in broken or perfect numbers, that this agitator is only aiming to secure some mere commercial arrangement of mutual advantage to this Dominion and the States! Listen to his own words,

"The Canadian question forces itself upon the public mind for adjustment, and aside from serious contemplations, involving the relation with a European power whose navy is the only menace this country has to fear, the circumstances of the hour make it imperative that at least a policy must be decided upon, continental in its character, and continental in its consequences."

The cloven hoof sticks out again in the following:—

"The strange sense of limitation that thus early in the history of the U.S. is felt when there is no new territory to occupy, the necessity that exists for supply of wants that brook no refusal, the future destination of immigration, so as not to completely extinguish the American, etc., all these questions are too important to remain in chaos."

Mr. Wiman goes on to speak again in a few lines lower down of acquiring more territory by force, "to justify vast expenditures," and he in plain words, declares his approval of the Russia and Poland policy by saying, "the political situation revolves round a policy which may have 'Continental Unity' for its aim, and which *narrowed down to practical politics, involves an attempt to shape the future destiny of Canada.*"

Mr. Wiman demands

CANADA AS AN OUTLET

for the over-production of the States, which demand is wholly untranslatable by any other phrase than this: that a policy is proposed to be pursued by the agitators for annexation in one form or other, which will destroy the industrial producing powers of Canada. For, as there is no vacuum now in Canada which our own country's producing powers cannot fill, any vacuum into which the over-production of the States will be poured, must necessarily be created by the forcible substitution of American

enterprise for the industries of Canada. To that proposition I venture to add Q. E. D., for its logic is impregnable. So far as I am able to follow Mr. Wiman and his school, their scheme is a mere revival of the policy Spain introduced and enforced nigh three centuries ago. Spain, the proudest but most foolish of nations, the very embodiment of Bourbon stupidity, was in those times smitten with the same lust of territory beyond her capacity to hold or rule, which has kindled the annexation fever. Thinking only of gratifying this lust "all the interests of the acquired countries were sacrificed to those of the conqueror." This spirit glares out of annexation literature, so that one is moved to say to its authors as Macbeth said to those hiring assassins, "Your spirits shine through you," — the spirits of criminal avarice and aggrandizement.

The allusion to the Navy of England as "the only thing the States have to fear," has only one possible meaning, which is, that but for that Navy there would be an attempt made to conquer Canada by the troops of the Republic. The insatiable greed of Americans for "new territory," which Mr. Wiman says: "*brooks no refusal*," has the same import,—it is the crime of Ahab and Jezebel, expressed in the language of American politics. The determination of the States not to suffer immigration to help Canada, with which Mr. Wiman puts himself in accord, and his most insolent declaration that the destiny of this Dominion must be shaped by the United States in the interests of the Republic, and not of Canadians, these all tell the same story of a conspiracy to efface Canada from the map, to destroy our hopes of national development, and to compel us by force of arms to serve as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to our conquerors. Pray, what has Mr. Wiman's Bombastes Furioso talk to do with arranging for a mutually advantageous tariff between two friendly communities? Before nations negotiate Trade Treaties, is it the custom of the stronger to go round about the towers of the weaker and tell forth in blustering tones their incapacity for defence? Are tariff negotiators usually got up in Mr. Wiman's style, like stage bandits, loaded with

cutlasses, pistols, terrific moustachios, and a voice all sound and fury ?

INTERNATIONAL TARIFFS

are not only a legitimate theme for public debate, but, the discussion is a necessity for free nations, where every citizen has to bear more or less of legislative responsibilities. Without mutual courtesy such discussions cannot be intelligently conducted. The question is, shall Canada and the States have Free Trade with each other and enforce a Protection tariff against the outside world ? That involves as a consequence, Commercial Union, and Political also, in my judgment, but it is clumsy to call a thing only by one of its consequences. This movement is still more unhappy in its chief advocate,—fatally unhappy. To submit a proposal to the people of Canada which in the very words of Professor Rogers, the celebrated economist, the biographer of Cobden, is “an act of war” against Great Britain, is so very delicate a business, that whoever undertakes the task needs all the suavity and skill of a trained diplomatist. What, however, do we see ? The person, who is now acting in a quasi-ambassadorial capacity seeking to negotiate what is termed “Commercial Union” between Canada and the States has opened his mission by using language in regard to Great Britain, Canada, and the States, which is a gross breach of the comity of nations, being an unprovoked insult of both this country, and Great Britain, as well as a slanderous reflection upon the honor of the States.

Mr. Wiman insults Canada by taunting us that we cannot defend our country against the Republic, he insults Great Britain by proposing, in Free Trade terms, to commit

“AN ACT OF WAR,”

against her, in which guilt Canada will share, and he slanders the States by making her to be so driven into a corner for markets, and for new territory, that she cannot continue to progress unless a friendly neighbor is compelled to sacrifice her own domestic markets, and industries, and territory in order to keep up the prosperity of the Republic !

Lord Sackville was sent home because he wrote a private letter stating in mildly obscure terms his private opinion on the Presidential Election. The act was regarded as an affront to the States. At this moment Mr. Wiman, representing the States, is carrying on at an enormous cost an

AGITATION IN CANADA,

to revolutionize our industrial and commercial system. Mr. Wiman is seeking to seduce Canada into what in Free Trade language is an "act of war" against Great Britain. Mr. Wiman declares his intention to "mould the destiny of Canada" in favor of the interests of the States. Mr. Wiman taunts Canada with her incapacity to resist conquest, and yet Mr. Wiman is by some Canadians recognized still in the ambassadorial capacity of a Tariff Treaty negotiator. It seems to me, that if Canada has any self-respect, any regard for her honor, any desire to avoid the contempt of the world, Mr. Wiman will be given back his papers and bidden to keep from interfering with the internal affairs of this country.

Reading Mr. Wiman and Mr. Murray, one recalls the awe which nurse used to inspire when she read Jack the Giant Killer's threat:

"Fi! Fe! Fo! Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
And be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

When these gentlemen publish their "Continental Unity" articles, I commend this classic quotation as the most suitable possible, for the title page. But, seriously, I must ask, when in 1860 Cobden was talking with the Emperor Napoleon and Mons. Rouher about a treaty of Commerce, did that potentate proclaim the power of the armies of France to conquer Great Britain? Or did Mr. Cobden, first hitching up his waist-band, to give local color and force to his threats, taunt the Emperor with the invincible power of the British Navy? The allusion of Mr. Wiman to England's Navy reveals what is passing in his

own mind, and what he is trying to excite his countrymen into realizing, which is that Canada is open to successful attack; that our trade, our rich resources, our territory, might be readily seized, and our industrial enterprises diverted to aggrandize the conqueror's cities.

Mr. Wiman has forgotten one of the noblest, richest, most enduring resources of Canada,—he has forgotten that besides lumber, iron, and wheat,

WE GROW CANADIANS,

as our athletic games and victories prove. We have, too, of these riches, an inexhaustible supply. Canada could progress with only her native born children; the States, if left without foreign immigrants, would soon share the fate of Sparta, which, as Polybius tells us, perished for lack of men.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates—but men decay."

Canada stands in no such peril,—she is accumulating both money and men; but the States, sacrificing everything to monetary greed, need beware, lest they end in bringing on the hastening ills of vice, domestic disorder, universal corruption in public life, which will surely bring disasters upon their country.

Canada grows women, too, who have in their souls the fire that burned in Jean d' Arc, in Agustina of Saragossa, in Barbara Fretchie,—that patriotic love which has made the fame of Laura Secord, of Niagara,* one of our historic treasures. They, like their sex once did in Vienna, will make any soldiers who disturb our homes, feel that their sword arms are paralyzed.

We English come of a stock that bears a bad name for

INABILITY TO STAY CONQUERED.

William of Normandy fancied he had us down, that England

*I cannot allow the name of our Canadian heroine to pass without expressing a very earnest hope that the proposal to erect a monument to her memory will meet with the liberal support of the Parliament just assembling. Canada cannot afford to forget such services, nor to be indifferent to the duty of honoring such brave souls as helped to lift her into life and give inspiration forever to her children.

would be Norman, in all its ways and speech; but, some way or other, "the story is told in very choice Italian," by history, England and Englishmen could'nt be so transformed. Our race, soon after being beaten at Senlac, showed its mettle by playing victorious return matches on the conqueror's fields at Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers. If the States should subdue us, we should play the old trick in time, and Mr. Wiman might live to see the Union Jack floating over the dome at Washington!

Mr. Wiman is a man full of words, but he is no diplomatist,—he suffers from mental diarrhoea. He would make but a poor burglar, for he lets his jimmy stick right out of his pocket! We, poor creatures, are asked by him to enter upon a commercial union with the States,—and in the next breath he tells us that if we don't, we shall be licked into submission!

"Trade with us on our terms,"—for that is the plain English of "commercial union," or, *if the English Navy does not interfere*, we will destroy your national existence, is simply,—YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

In discussing the problem as to the extent of

THE LOYAL FORCES

in the Dominion, Mr. Murray enters into what Burke called, "A low minded inquisition into the numbers of our people." Mr. Murray first examines the French-Canadian element, whom he sets down as ready for annexation. He declares, that as loyal Canadians, in the words of Joseph Jefferson in the play, "they don't count."

Now, I have been making special enquiries about the

FRENCH CANADIANS

in quarters where the most authentic and widest information is known. One correspondent, a person of ripe judgment, who has very wide personal knowledge of the French Canadians of all classes, from Cardinal Taschereau down to the humblest farmers, who is in touch with the whole life of the people, writes to me, "I don't believe there is a Corporal's guard of French Canadians

who are in the slightest degree disloyal to British connection." He adds, "Why should they be, what have they to gain by annexation anyway? They would lose what they intensely prize, their laws and their language, and the Church would suffer tremendously in the revolution that must occur if they lost their constitutional liberties under the British flag." As to their language, a leading New York paper a few days ago declared that annexation *would of necessity compel French Canadians to speak English*. Surely the fact that the leading statesmen of this race, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Adolphe Caron and the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, are members of the Government that was elected by the ultra loyal party now in power, and that Mr. Laurier, who is in power as leader of the opposition is on recent record as a loyalist, are a demonstration clear as proof of Holy Writ, that our French brethren are not, as Mr. Murray affirms, "out of the count" as Canadians who will defend Canada from conquest by the Republic.

The general convictions and feelings of French Canadians were well expressed by Sir Adolphe Caron in a speech delivered at Victoria, B.C., on December 10th, 1887. He said,

"I do not believe that Americans want Commercial Union; and I am sure that if a vote were taken in Quebec, it would not meet with support. Commercial Union means annexation with the States, and in my Province it would be impossible to get a vote of the people to disturb any arrangements which have proved so satisfactory in the interest of Canada."

A celebrated French Canadian, Sir Etienne Tache said, "The last gun fired for British connection will be by a French Canadian." That terse phrase by one who knew his race so well, outweighs a whole theatre of assertions from those, who, like Mr. Murray, speak only what they wish—not *what they know*. The loyalty of French-Canadians may be judged by the patriotic lines of a gifted son of their race:

EMPIRE FIRST.

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.

Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.

O triune Kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands are all with thee!
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

—*John Talon Lesperance.*

Mr. Murray also ranks

THE SCOTCH-CANADIANS

as ready for annexation. He pays the Scotch the compliment of saying that they are "natural Yankees," and insinuates that like pigs they don't care for anything but a full trough, and plenty of straw in their sty. Were the late Senator Brown alive, who was Scotch to the marrow of his spine, and the political chieftain of his countrymen, he would enjoy nothing better than putting his whip across the shoulders of this slanderer of Scotch-Canadians.

If as Mr. Murray insinuates, the Scotch-Canadians are wishful for Canada to be annexed to the States, I should like him to explain a few facts. First: That the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose upright character as a man, and distinguished political career, are, and have been equally honorable to himself, to Canada, and to "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood" whence he came, who from a stone-cutter rose to be the Premier of this Dominion, a nobler position than that of President of the States, this Scotchman and leader of Scotchmen ever was, and is, a staunch supporter of British connection.

Secondly. This needs explanation, that another distinguished Scotchman, Premier of Ontario, the Hon. Oliver Mowat, within the month elicited the ringing cheers of over seven hundred of our principal merchants by proclaiming his leal love of our constitution and the throne of Britain.

Thirdly. What shall we say of that Scotchman,—“the noblest Roman of them all,” the illustrious Premier of Canada, who next to our Queen, stands highest in the love of the people of Canada, a veritable “King of Hearts,” who to a degree unparalleled in the political sphere enjoys all

“That which should accompany old age,
Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,”

I should as soon think of insulting him by even asking in scorn, “Is he loyal?” as I would of questioning the Archangel Gabriel if he were true to the King of Heaven. Only fools question proverbial facts, so I fear, as Mr. Murray is a Scot by extraction, he allowed the American Eagle to pick out his brains before he questioned the loyalty of Scotch-Canadians to British connection.

Mr. Murray more naturally ranks all

IRISH-CANADIANS

as annexationists because he only knows the Irish of the States. He assumes that the Irish hate England so much, as to be prepared to betray Canada in time of trial. God forbid! There are a few Fenians in Canada no doubt, but that the Irish *as a race* would desert the cause of Canada and help in her downfall it is impossible to believe! Irishmen know that the wrongs of Ireland were not inflicted by the *people* of England, but by an oligarchy which, as the greatest orator ever in the Senate of England said, “held the sacred trust of power without any of the virtues, or any of the energies that give a title to it,” but who “on pretences of zeal and piety” carried on a policy in that fair land made up of a detestable compound of malice, cowardice, sloth, and greed. We cannot forget that the bitterest of all national sayings is not a reproach to the Throne, or the Parliament or the People of England, but is condensed in the words, “The

curse of Cromwell." Irishmen know that ever since England recovered her ancient franchises, their country has been gradually freed from disabilities.

On the 18th March, 1878, I heard the following words spoken on the platform of St. Patrick's Literary Association, Ottawa. The speaker, Mr. W. P. Lett, City Clerk of Ottawa, said :

"While love of country remains one of the acknowledged cardinal virtues of the heart, I would not if I could, be other than what I am, an Irishman. No ! by every Shamrock in Irish vale, never ! But we shall not make a bit worse Canadian because we honor our native land. A patriotic apostate is not to be trusted. In the grand and imposing struggle for national honor, Canadian development and progress, no stronger arm will be found than the arm of an Irishman. No more ennobling impulse will ever thrill in the great throbbing, expanding heart of this young and aspiring nation, than that which gathers energy and inspiration from the enthusiastic spirit of the Irish race."

These eloquent and wise words were cheered to the echo by an assembly of about 1200 of the Sons of St. Patrick. I also quote from a speech by Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., which was enthusiastically cheered at the Board of Trade Dinner, Montreal, January 23rd last. This eloquent Irishman said :

"As a representative Irish-Canadian I have no hesitation in saying that the race to which I belong are not behind any in this country in their devotion to our institutions and they were determined to prove that home rule does not mean separation."

From a vigorous, ringing patriotic poem, by Mr. Lett, we quote the concluding stanzas as an admirable expression of not only Irish-Canadian sentiment but of the feeling which burns in the breasts of every sane Canadian.

"'Neath the old Red Cross where flourished
First on earth in freedom's van !
Where the laws with sacred wisdom,
Guards the rights of every man !
Resting calmly 'neath the shadow
Of our mighty parent's wing,
Is it strange, that we Canadians
To our Constitution cling?"

In considering the position of the Irish on this question it is highly significant that the highest ecclesiastic of that race in

Canada, Archbishop O'Brien, said to a representative of the *Halifax Herald* early in December last, "There is no annexation sentiment in Canada, or none worth mentioning." I quote too, the terms of a Resolution moved on the 20th April, 1882, in the Canadian House of Commons by the Hon. John Costigan, M.P., for Victoria, N.B., which read thus, "We would respectfully represent to your Majesty that your Irish subjects in the Dominion of Canada are among the *most loyal*, most prosperous, and most contented of your Majesty's subjects." I prefer Archbishop O'Brien and the Hon. John Costigan as authorities on their countrymen, especially those of the same Church, to any American. When Mr. Murray and his school assert that our Irish fellow Canadians will help in pulling down the flag of Great Britain because of their hatred of the English, they utter what the vast bulk of the Irish in Canada will regard as a foolish and unprovoked insult to a brave, chivalrous race.

Mr. Murray thinks the French will go for annexation because their fathers bled alongside Yankees at Yorktown. By the same token the Irish will remember that their gallantry gave lustre to the Imperial Crown, on a hundred fields where in a common grave lay English and Irish heroes. The Irish know that some of the noblest foundation stones of our Empire were hewn in Irish quarries, and cemented by Irish blood. That Irishmen, who in Canada have the fullest rights freedom can enjoy, and a career open to them and their sons shining with promise and fruition, can ever be so false, so ungrateful, so insane, as to cast that inheritance to the winds because of hatred of England, is a proposition only a lunatic could affirm. It is abundantly clear that the "Annexation" party have carefully counted on the number of rifles we could put in the field, for the peaceful Mr. Wiman tells us that *the navy of Britain is the only force they fear*. But they reckon without their host, who reckon upon the French, the Irish, the Scotch-Canadians abandoning Canada to be defended only by the English. They reckon wrongly who fancy that even were we English left alone we should not fight for

the old flag. The land of an infinitude of quack medicines, which seem to be the natural beverage of the Republic, has not invented one to "scour these English hence," or eliminate from their systems the fire that has belted the globe with the glory of British valor.

In regard to the various races who are said to be an element of weakness to us, I venture to submit that in Canada more of the

STATESMAN-LIKE BREADTH IS NEEDED

of the celebrated Protestant leader, Du Plessis-Mornay, who, when near three centuries ago the cloud of civil war was lowering over his country, said ;

"Let there be no more talk amongst us of Protestants or Papists, those words are prohibited by our Edicts. And though there were no edict at all, still if we are French, if we love our country, our families and even ourselves, they ought to be wiped out of our remembrance. Whoso is a good Frenchman shall be to me a brother."

Would that Canadians would echo this, with, "*Whoso is a loyal Canadian shall be to me a brother,*" for we all *kneel at the altar of one country!*

When Mr. Murray tells Canada that she has only a few English who will defend her honor, he forgets that Canada has now four millions of children. When Mr. Wiman tells us that we are too few to save our country, we bid him to remember Marathon, where a few Greeks flung back the hosts of Persia, to remember Vienna, where Sobieski with his gallant Poles stopped the waves of the Turkish flood, to remember Sempach, where Arnold with a few Swiss sent flying the army of Austria, to remember that thin red line on Alma's heights that stood unbroken by the avalanche of Russian hosts. Americans might also reflect that the same blood which, in the veins of Commander Cushing inspired that act of magnificent daring, the destruction of the Albemarle, runs in the arteries of Canadians,—witness the bayonet rush at Batoche!

While in the Springtide

THE LEAVES OF A MAPLE

are quivering in harmony with the exulting song of a Thrush, or sparkling with the radiant flash of an Oriole, or echoing the quick taps of a food-hunting Woodpecker, there may be a skunk burrowing at its roots. So while this land of promise is throwing out the glory of young life in these its days of Spring, musical with songs of national hope, bright with the beauty of freedom, busy with industries to enrich its homes—there may be, there are, some few, who prefer to gnaw the roots, and poison the sap of that constitutional independence out of which the harmony and the charm, and the strength of this Dominion arise.

Annexationists judge the Apostles by Judas. They fancy the game of Russia and Poland can be played, with England calmly watching the game. Even Mr. Goldwin Smith has told us that English Statesmen regard our national aspirations with ill-concealed contempt. When that Canadian, who so far despairs of his country as to desire annexation, comes to "pay his breath to time and mortal custom" he will slink into a traitor's grave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

To paraphrase Mr. Murray's words, "One thing the people of the Republic must understand, and that one thing is this,"

CANADA WILL NEVER BE ANNEXED

to the States without a long and bloody struggle, followed by generations of such strife as would make them curse the day they sought to make Canadians bow their proud necks to a foreign yoke.

In 1874, Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote, "The only plebiscite which could annex Holland would be that which issues from the ballot-box of war." Canadians are as patriotic as the Holland-Dutch, and the ballot-box of war is the only chance by which Canada could be annexed to the States. The peroration of this address I have criticized, is colored highly to suit the American fancy for

SPREAD-EAGLE RHETORIC,

but which to the more matured, more refined taste of a Canadian

has too much of the coarse reds, and flaming yellows that fascinate the eyes of barbarian connoisseurs.

Let me read you this remarkable utterance which the prominent citizens of Boston applauded. Mr. Murray having given a poetical and somewhat high faluting description of this continent concludes his address thus ;

"Over this land of God, this productive centre of the world, the refuge of all oppressed peoples, this vast opportunity of Providence and man, this sure lodgment and home of liberty, in vicinage to the stars whose glory is woven in its folds, I behold one flag, and I say that that glorious flag must own this Continent as a whole, and beside it there must be waving in the sky above our children's heads—none other."

I cannot give my reply to that without alluding to what has given our American neighbors such a mean idea of our patriotism.

In our Canadian woods is a bird whose monotonous voice is never heard in the daylight, but which makes night hideous with its incessant cry of

"WHIP-POOR-WILL,"

My belief is that the creature is an outcast from the society of birds because of the unendurable misery of its song. In Canada, too, is another voice of melancholy and despair, heard wailing its monotonous cry over wood and vale. *Like a Cassandra in pants* this gruesome vocalist fills the general air with his Jeremiades foretelling the woes that will come upon Canada unless she commits national suicide by giving up her business affairs to be managed for her at Washington. Would that we who love the hopeful songs of patriotism could banish this political whip-poor-will into solitude, for it seems to me that Mr. Goldwin Smith is to a large extent responsible for the conviction now prevailing so generally amongst Americans of all classes, that Canada is ripe for annexation. I tell my American friends that they might as well judge our songsters by a bird of night, as

THE SPIRIT OF CANADIANS

by the dreary theories and fantastic vaticinations of Mr. Goldwin Smith. When showing sympathy with the bombastic rhetorical

threats of the citizens of Boston as voiced by Mr. Murray, or suffering their national gluttony for territory and passion for trade monopolies to be stimulated by falsified maps, or the gorgeous baits and appetite provokers of Mr. Wiman, or their ambition to be sole proprietors of this continent to be enflamed, or their judgment as to the nature of Canadian sentiment or its power to be influenced by one of our soured pessimistic writers, however brilliant his style or high his literary reputation, the American people are merely following "Will o' the Wisps," heedless of those great facts the light of which illumines the sky of this Dominion.

To me it is inconceivable that there will come the appalling curse of war between Canada and the States, for certain it is as the sun is in the firmament that as soon as our soil were threatened there would be that navy Mr. Wiman dreads, demanding explanations in the harbors of Boston and New York. But if we Canadians are such poltroons, or if our blood is such mere ice-broth, that we shiver in our shoes, or are indifferent about such threats as are now commonly used, *threats that are involved in every speech of Mr. Wiman's* and his friends, we may hear again in our streets the throb of the muffled drums beating out the dread measure of

THE DEAD MARCH,

shaking our hearts with unavailing anguish as we follow the victims of a scoundrel horde, who, by our own indifference have been tempted to foul this land by the tread of their Tarquin feet, and crimson again the soil of Canada by the blood of her loyal sons. Before we have to speak it out by the crack of rifles, and talk up by our cannon, it is surely incomparably the wiser plan to give pause to the hostile conspiracy now hatching by standing boldly upon the frontier of the land of our inheritance and saying to the Republic "Thus far shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

We desire to live on terms of friendliest intercourse with the States. The doctrine of Cobden's biographer that tariffs, giving local industries protection are "acts of war," is ridi-

culous and dangerous nonsense. Because we each try to do our best in our own sphere surely is no reason for any unkindness, much less violence, in our relations.

Canada in God's good Providence is our appointed place.

THIS DOMINION IS OUR FATHERLAND,

here our beloved dead are buried, here our battles were fought by which we won this land for ourselves and our children. The soil that holds the sacred bones of Laura Secord we will keep from desecration. Here we have developed a commerce, a social life, a system of home government and of legal administration, worthy of, and which do command the admiration of foreign nations.

If *we* cannot well and wisely govern Canada, in God's name let us make way for better men. But if we feel, if we know, as feel and know we do, that we *can* build up this Dominion to be worthy of the highest, noblest, purest, traditions of the great races blent in the name "Canadian," then no language touches deep enough in its scorn the foulness of our shame if we abandon our God-given trust to any usurper.

In the words of Longfellow :

" We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

Young ladies, it is said, tell a suitor they decline to wed, that they will be sisters to the swains they refuse. So with us and the States. We say to their suit for annexation, and to the crafty, Pandarus-like policy of Mr. Wiman, firmly, "No,—but we will gladly live with you as pleasant neighbors, and joyfully sign a treaty of reciprocity by which we shall each be bound to fulfil the duties that our nearness in blood and position, and the interests of humanity or the precepts of a common religion dictate."

I believe it is better for the

HIGHER CIVILIZATION

of this continent, better for humanity, better and happier for the several peoples whose moral, intellectual, and material well being

is concerned, that the Republic should develop along its own lines, and that we in Canada should continue to uphold that nobler type of society, that better system of legal administration and those incomparably superior forms of local and central Government, which we have established, than that the whole of this vast continent should be dominated by only one, and that a very defective, type of civilization.

My heart has ever gone out towards freely varied manifestations of national life. To my mind the thought of all men being run out of one mould like bullets, is a revolting, abhorrent conception. It is a thought utterly alien to personal liberty, human progress, and human happiness. It is alike fatal to the noblest forms of civil and religious freedom, and the unfettered expansion of those manifold gifts that are given richly only when opportunities exist for their adorning and blessing mankind, just as flowers and fruits are indigenous to soils and climates where they best thrive.

Any proposal to efface such a richly developing phase of national life as is that of Canada, is to me, so brutal, so barbarous, as to be worthy only of some modern Attila the Hun, or Genghis Khan, or other scourge of our race.

THEY BRING FOUL SHAME UPON AMERICA

who forget that in spite of all the madness of those people whose lusts, whose cupidity, they are stimulating into crime worthy of Turks or savages, there is in the Republic a saving remnant who have not forgotten, nor disowned the God of their fathers and of our fathers, who has declared, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's land-mark." Were Canada so conquered, it would not be "vce victis" alone, but vce to the victors, for it would bring upon them the blight of eternal shame. To me it is an unthinkable conception, that a nation, whose higher life treads the lofty plane of Christian endeavor, whose wealth is sending the Cross to heathen peoples, whose munificent charities, whose splendid educational enterprises proclaim a hope and potency of ultimate redemption from present degradation, it is unthinkable that the Christians of

the Republic, although their voices are gagged in its politics, would stand dumb and motionless while their country was being madly led on to such a damnable enterprise as the subjugation of neighbors who only desire to live with them in bonds of peace and fraternity. I submit, then, that the thinkers of America, those who have any regard for conscience, who reverence the dictates of religion, who realize the ethical obligations of a civilised community, have the duty now imperatively urged upon them, to protest in the name of God and country against the incitements of agitators, such as Mr. Wiman and Mr. Murray, whose threats and whose policy will find a natural result in Canada and the Republic being brought into armed conflict.

In the *Century* for Oct. 1888, is a paper entitled, "Christianity the conservator of American civilisation." The writer speaks truly of civilisation being threatened by "a foe who preaches a gospel based upon the logic of dynamite and assassination," he regards "Christianity as the conservative force of the Republic," adding, that, "It must hold the outworks of civilisation, not only by keeping watch and ward, but by also leading sorties against the besieging forces of unreason." Such a *sortie* seems called for now to be made by the Christianity of the States against such speeches and articles as are being uttered or inspired by men of Mr. Wiman's school, who, are preaching "a gospel based upon the logic of dynamite and assassination,"—the assassination of a nascent nationality.

Freeman, speaking of the Normans in England, said, "When the heart of the sovereign beats more warmly for foreign favorites or foreign kinsmen than for children of the soil is a sight which in any age is enough to stir a nation's blood. But far heavier is the wrong in any age when the nation is made personally to feel that strangers fill the posts of influence and honor on its own soil, and at its own cost." Canadians! are you ready to be ruled by a foreign potentate enthroned at Washington? Is your pride of self-respect so humbled, and the instinct of self-preservation so dead, that you are willing to have your commercial interests arranged in the interests of the foreign kins-

men of this foreign potentate, and this Canada of ours over-run and over-ruled by foreign carpet-baggers? Will you turn your backs upon that august Mother from whose breasts you have drawn the life, the strength, the glory of manhood, in whose history you have a joint heritage in the grandest examples Time records, of all that gives the splendour and the inspiration of national fame? Are you so destitute of the nobler instincts of humanity as to bite with that ingratitude which is "sharper than a serpent's tooth," the Mother who provided the capital that enriched your land with unsurpassed resources for the development of enterprises that are perennial springs of wealth, of comfort and of progress? When the question is put,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

shall in the future the world laugh out at you the just insult—"Yes! the soul of Canadians was so dead in its somnambular repose, when their honor sank into the marble sleep of death, they first laid their native land corpse like on a bier, then sold it for a tariff that beside the shame of national effacement, brought also the ruin of their commercial and their manufacturing life." If Canada listens to the paid sirens who wish to seduce Canada into the suicidal bargain proposed by the Wiman school, she will bear the eternal fire-brand of every free nation's contempt, for, as Mrs. Browning said of enchained Italy, Canada will become a name,

"For men to spit at with scorn's burning brine."

But, come what may, to the prophecy that

THE STARS AND STRIPES

will one day float over Canada we say in the words of the American poet Whittier, (slightly varied):

"No! Never! One voice like the sound in the cloud,
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,
Where ever the foot of Canadian hath pressed,
From each ocean's broad marge on the East and the West,
The voice of a people, uprisen, awake,
Free Canada's watchword, our Country's at stake!
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,
OUR COUNTRY, OUR FLAG! AND GOD FOR THE RIGHT!